

MARVEL®
22nd Dec 90

THE REAL

№132 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



ARE YOU SURE
YOU'RE USING THAT
THING PROPERLY,
EGON!

ISSN 0954-9404



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9 770954 940011

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Behind you! Looks like **The Real Ghostbusters** are in a bit of a *grave* situation down at the local cemetery. Strange things are going on and Egon and the gang don't particularly *dig* those graves, in **Graveyard Shift!**

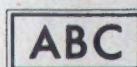
Who is that strangely strange but oddly normal looking demon on the opposite page? Of course, it's your favourite scythe-wielding spectre in a terrifying tale entitled **Ponquadrakor III – Smith!**

Apart from all these freaky stories and all your regular frightening features, there is the first part of the Slimer yuletide yarn, **Holiday Storm!** The second part will be in next week's utterly fantastic, ectoplasmic X-mas edition of the spookiest comic around, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**.

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ

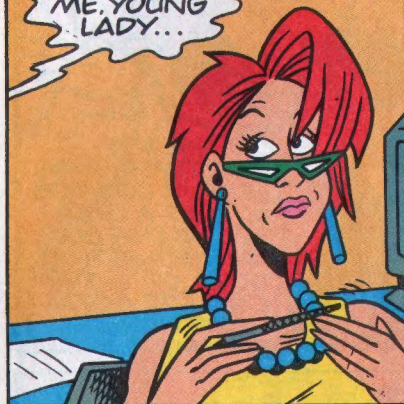


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

ONE MORNING
AT RECEPTION...

EXCUSE
ME, YOUNG
LADY...



I'D LIKE TO SEE
DR. SPENGLER. COULD
YOU TELL HIM MR.
SMITH IS HERE?

UH...
SURE.



EGON?
THERE'S A MR.
'SMITH' HERE
TO SEE YOU.

I DON'T
KNOW A
MR. SMITH...



OKAY! OKAY! I
COULDN'T JUST SAY
'THERE'S PONQUADRAGOR,
THE FOUR-ARMED DEMON
PRINCE OF TAROT CARDS
HERE TO SEE YOU, LOOKING
NERVOUS AND WEARING
A FALSE MOUSTACHE
AND SPECS', COULD I?

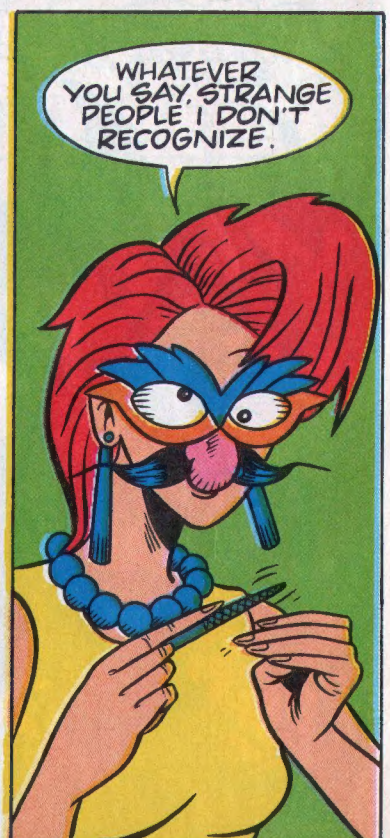
I SAY...
C-COULD YOU
KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN...?

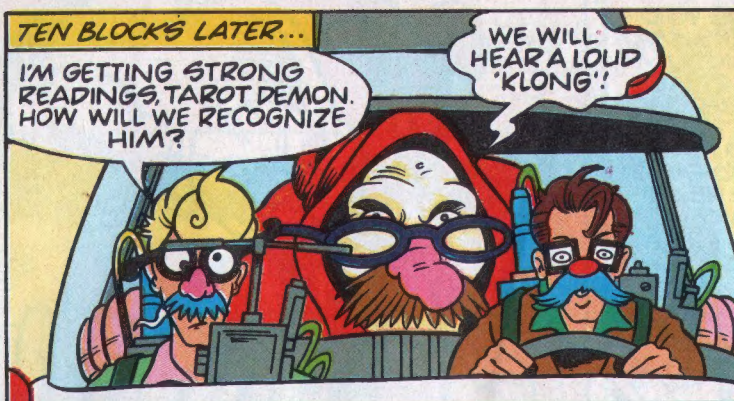
I GUESS
NOT, JANINE!
SEND HIM IN.

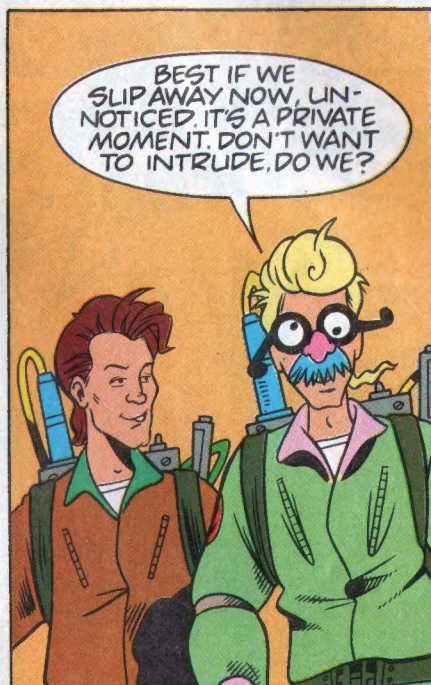
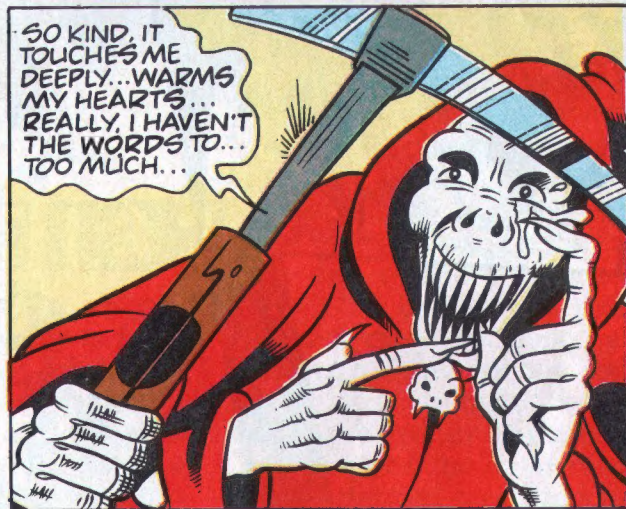


PONQUADRAGOR III-SMITH!

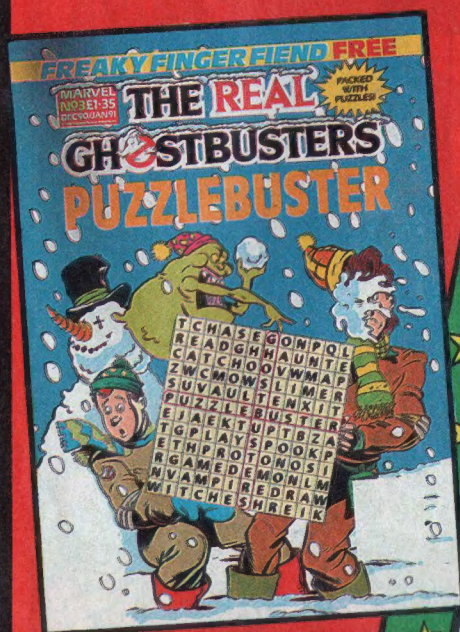








A BRAND NEW CHILLING ADVENTURE!



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE THREE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

As most regular readers of this Guide will know, one of the powerful supernatural entities we encounter is the so called 'tarot demon' or 'four-handed man' – **Ponquadrator**. After many requests for further information, I've put together this biography of this powerful arch-demon and *sometime* ally of the Ghostbusters.

According to Scrimshaw's *Bestiary of Behemoths*, Ponquadrator came into existence many eons ago, the son of Skwirmanx, the Booming Sultan of Thunderous Storm. Ponquadrator had three brothers – Ponquadrilux, the eldest, who was to become the dreaded Guardian of the Nitric Pools, Ponquadraturk, the 'nine-legged slug' who enjoyed a massively successful career as tight-end lifestop for the Skunk Marauders, Numbly League champions nine decades running, and the youngest Jim-Bob, who never aspired to much, infernally speaking. Ponquadrator's connection with tarot cards came about early in his demonic career – his four arms made him a resourceful player in the casinos of the Supercosmos, where he excelled at such games of chance as Three Card Boast, Iron Poker, Blind Man's Yelp, Chase the Hearse and Draw-bridge.

Ponquadrator dwells in the so-called 'Red Fortress of



PART 132

Seven Towers', a mighty castle that perches on the craggy outcrops of Mount Snarl, overlooking the seething and murky acid oceans of Gloxx. It is rumoured that here he spends his entire days plotting foul trickeries to play on the other rival arch demons, or scheming new ways to make the Mortal world his own. Such is his intelligence and power he is almost universally feared and loathed – he recently won the 'Most Despised and Terrifying Major Demon in the Supercosmos' award for the ninth time.

A keen fan of utter depravity, he is often seen in the crowd at Synchronised Blerty events, and he scythes semi-professionally for the Gnashing Gizzards of Gweltch.

Ponquadrator has an inner

circle of servitor demons who act as his loyal lieutenants, performing his every bidding. Horgo is his warchief, whose responsibilities concern sharpening the royal scythes and bellowing at the goblinoid troops. Fugg is the keeper of the royal kitchens, and spends most of his time preparing Cockatrice au vin and peppermint fish surprise. Nuxley is the demon responsible for the Shuffling. Nuxley spends his day systematically shuffling each deck of tarot cards in the Red Fortress of Seven Towers in turn, in order to prevent potent cards remaining next to each other for too long and reacting mystically. As Ponquadrator possesses forty eight thousand magically charged tarot decks in his private collection, this job is particularly demanding, with no room for error. Nuxley's predecessor, Hogurth, the now-charred, forgot to include a pack left in the master bedroom during his shuffling chores. It was at that time that Ponquadrator's castle got its present name. Before then, it had been called the Red Fortress of Eight Towers.

Looking to the future, Ponquadrator says he'd like to travel, meet people and possibly dominate the entire Universe, but he's in no particular hurry to meet people.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

When the Real Ghostbusters get a call to an out-of-town cemetery, you can be sure it isn't to mow the grass!

"Midway Cemetery!" whistled Ray, staring out into the cold night air beyond ECTO-1. "It sure looks spooky."

As ECTO-1 screeched to a halt and an owl screeched in alarm, the blond-haired scientist turned to the rest of the Ghostbusters and frowned. "This one's no laughing matter, guys," he said sternly. "We've had reports of ghostly disturbances in graveyards before and you know the potential for mass psychic disturbance is particularly potent in such places."

"Try saying that with a spoon in your mouth!" laughed Peter, ignoring his friend's grim warning. The Ghostbuster opened his car door and stepped out into the cold night air. Around him, the gravestones that littered the rundown cemetery seemed to shift in the pale moonlight, threatening to leap out at the Ghostbusters themselves.

"So what do we have here," Peter continued loudly, grabbing the Ghost-report Janine had given Egon earlier. "Bright lights in the sky – check! Green mist across the surrounding countryside – check! Weird squeaky noises that sound like dogs howling backwards – check! This is definitely a fun one. How's the old PKE Meter reading, Egon?"

"Negative," Egon replied, scanning the area with the special scanner which detected ghostly activity. "Don't forget the reports which claim that the ghosts only start appearing at 12 o'clock midnight. It's only 11.59 and forty-five seconds."

"I've never known a ghost to be punctual," murmured Winston, passing out the Proton Packs and Guns from the back of ECTO-1.

"That's because they are always late," joked Peter.

"Not only does 12 o'clock midnight have a near-mystical significance

amongst the supernatural forces, good grief!"

The PKE meters that both Egon and Ray had switched on suddenly blared loud, chattering furiously as if someone had just switched on all the ghosts in the world right next door to them. "East North East and coming this way!" shouted Ray.

"Positions!" shouted Winston, preparing for attack.

As the Ghostbusters waited, a creeping green mist swept over the graveyard and a howling, wailing noise rent the air. In seconds, the Ghostbusters couldn't see their hands in front of their faces, but the mist didn't stop the PKE meters from screaming their warning. "Egon, is that you?" squeaked Peter, as someone, or something, brushed past him. "What's happening?"

"Some sort of ecto-mist. It's blocking our vision," replied Egon from Peter's other side. "Spectro-Visors on!" Peter grabbed for the special glasses and pushed them over his eyes. Egon was suddenly in front of him, with Winston and Ray further away, blinking furiously as they saw the things around them, which snarled at their discovery.

Not just Class three Free Range Phantoms. Not just your average poltergeist – here was the whole range of ghostly activity, straight out of one of Egon's special books! Creatures with gnarled skin, blazing eyes – four each – hideous claws, leather wings and very, very big, sharp pointy teeth. They lurched towards the Ghostbusters, looking angrier by the minute. "Blast 'em!" shouted Peter.

"They're history," said Winston in reply, letting rip with his Proton Gun. The monsters screeched, twisted and

vanished into Ghost Traps. The mist vanished and the night was as silent as – “As silent as the grave,” murmured Ray. “But still very spooky.”

“Very spooky,” agreed Egon, removing his visor. “The PKE readings are still off the scale.”

“Of course they are,” snarled a voice from behind them, “you haven’t caught me yet!”

The Ghostbusters turned and even Winston gasped in surprise at the sight in front of him, a hideous scaly green demon, hissing through yellow, sharp teeth, red eyes glaring down at the four humans. “So, spoiling my games again, eh, Ghostbusters?” it screamed, belching fire and flapping leather wings. “Do you know how much a little operation like this costs to set up? The special effects budget? The hell fire? *The Mists of Oblivion* charge costs?”

“I’m sorry,” said Peter, “I don’t think we’ve been introduced.

“Fool! I am **Requardillion**, Master of the Twelve Senses, Shaper of Nightmares. Do you not remember our first encounter?”

“Remind me,” said Peter. “I’m sure I’d remember a face like yours. It’s ugly enough!”

Requardillion snarled with rage. “Humans! So short your lives, yet so weak your minds.” The demon (a Class nine Free Floating Dangerous Type) clicked the ancient bones in its fingers, picked something out of its teeth (the something wailed with relief and ran off into the

night) and sniffed at the Ghostbusters with fury. “Cast your minds back to December 31st 1990,” it growled. “New Year’s Eve, the feast of old Time against the new, the meeting of spheres. Recall the horror of the attack on the Big Dipper Burger Joint in Fifth Avenue, New York...”

“But it’s December the 2nd!” said Ray.

“Blast it, now!” shouted Egon, switching on his Proton Gun and spraying the demon with Proton fire. The demon howled in alarm.

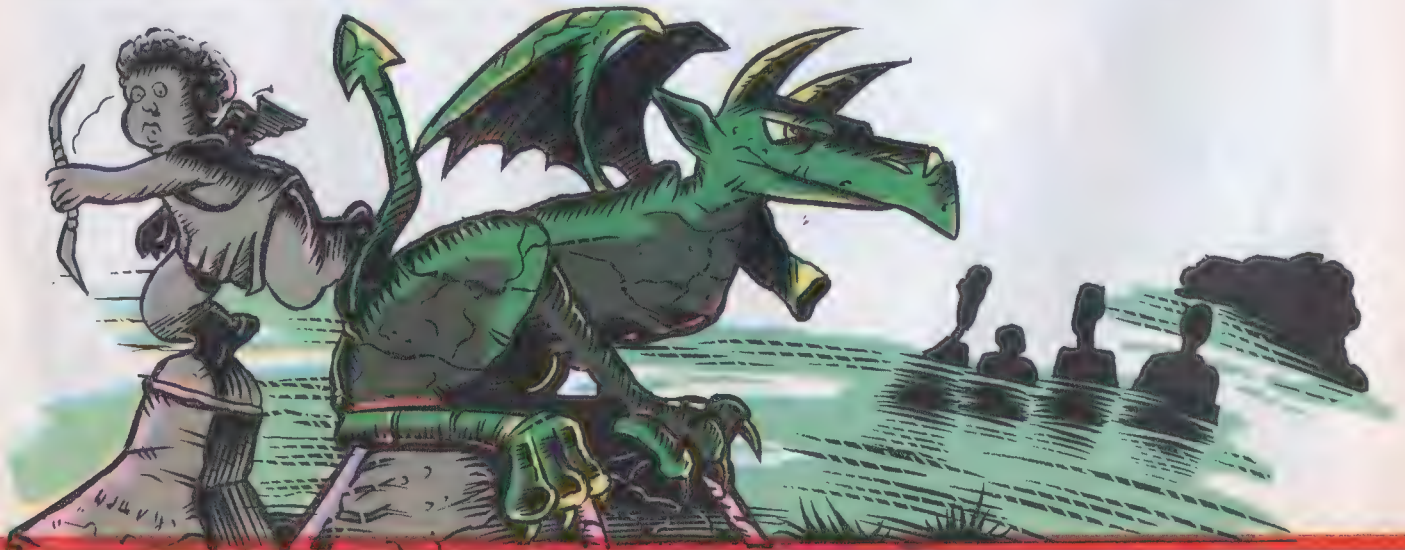
“What’s the matter? Don’t you like my story? How I nibbled on the Burgers and created Burger Demons? How I defeated you, Egon and you became a - YEEEEEEEEK!”

Powerful or not, the demon was no match for four Proton Beams and it vanished into the Ghost Trap. “Whew!” said Winston, “That was one mixed-up ghost!”

“Not mixed-up,” said Egon. “Demons can traverse time and any dimension given the right conditions – like this graveyard, perhaps. We probably *will* meet Requardillion again on New Year’s Eve 1990 and something will happen to send him back here, to early December 1990.”

“I wonder what Requardillion does to change you, Egon?” muttered Winston.

“Whatever it is,” laughed Peter, getting back into ECTO-1, a wicked gleam in his eye, “I’m sure it will be an improvement!”

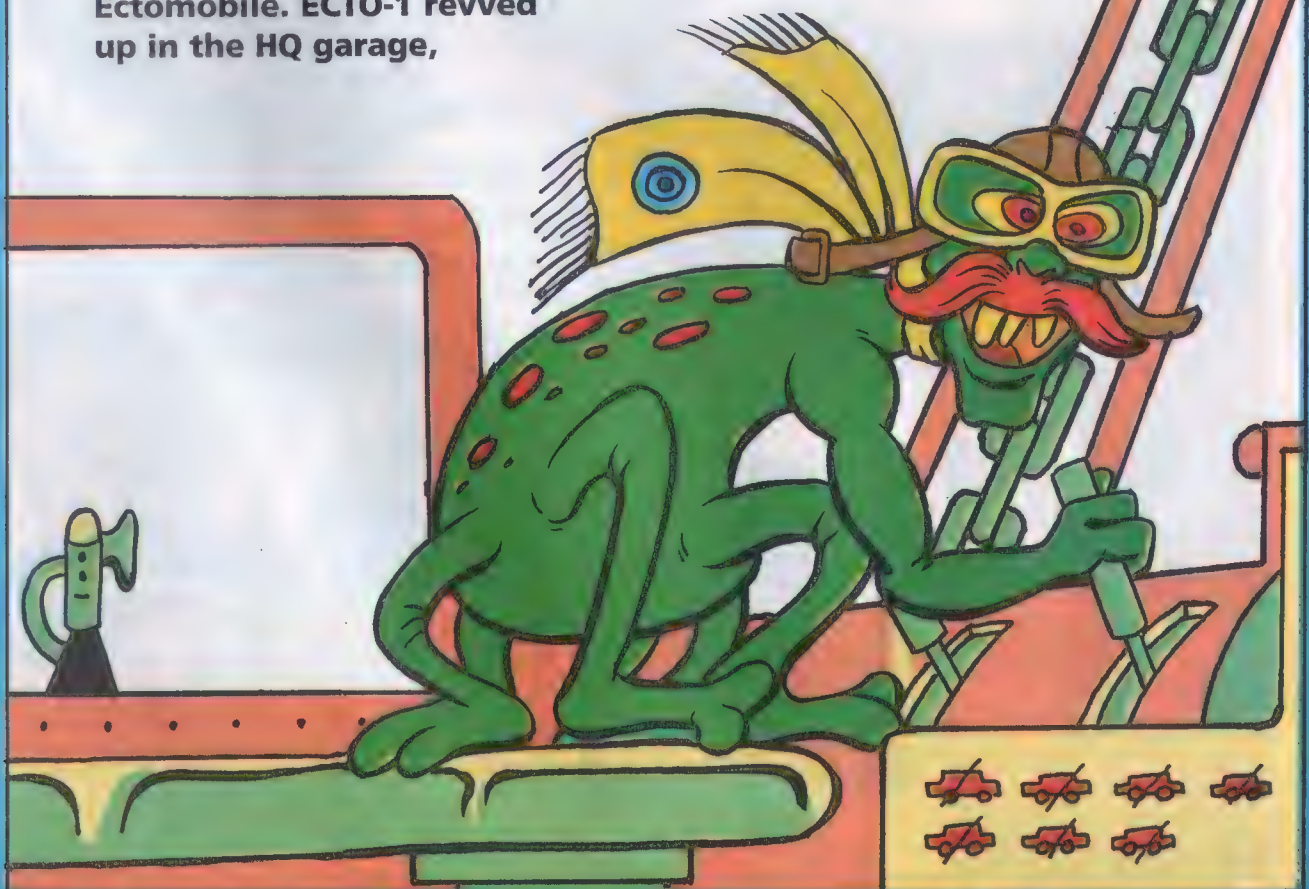


SCRAPYARD DEMON

This metal-eating monster was wreaking mechanical mayhem in the New York City State Scrapyard. The six-legged spook would act like a Pied Piper to motor cars, which he would lead in a procession through the metropolis' streets until they reached the scrapyard. Here the scarf-wearing spectre would pick them up in a crane and drop them into the metal crushing machine.

This particular car collecting creep had not, of course, reckoned with the might of the glorious Ectomobile. ECTO-1 revved up in the HQ garage,

screached out of the doors, then leapt into action down at the scrap merchants. Skillfully dodging the crane's metal grasp, ECTO-1 drove the demon out of his control booth, then with a vast blast of protonic energy, the scrapyard demon was confined to the eerie poltergeist prison known as the Ghost Trap.





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TURTLES™

CRISPY POTATO SHAPES

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THIS IS REALLY
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TO CUT OUT
THE COUPON

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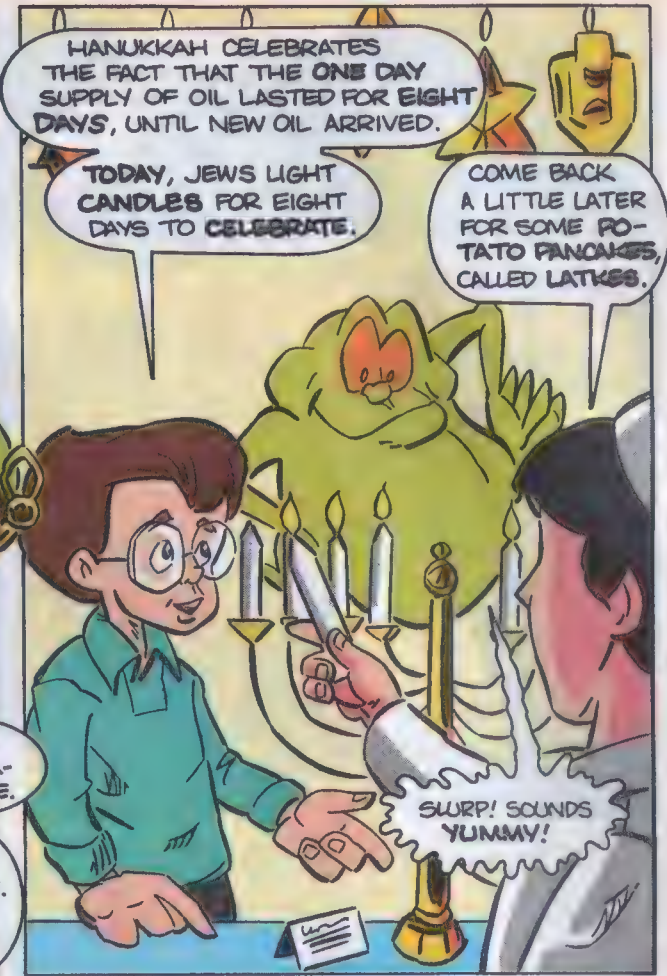
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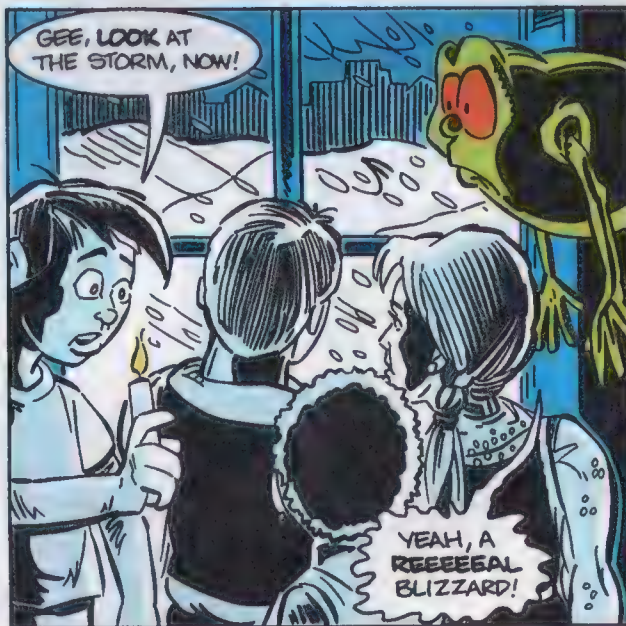
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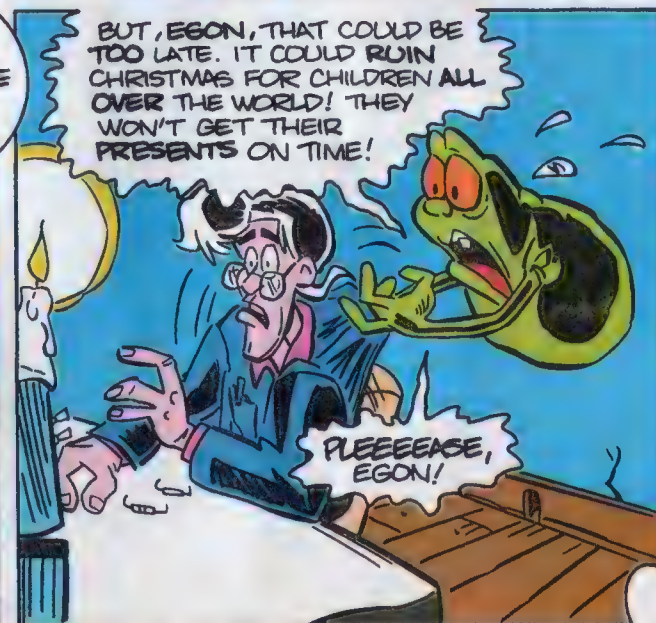
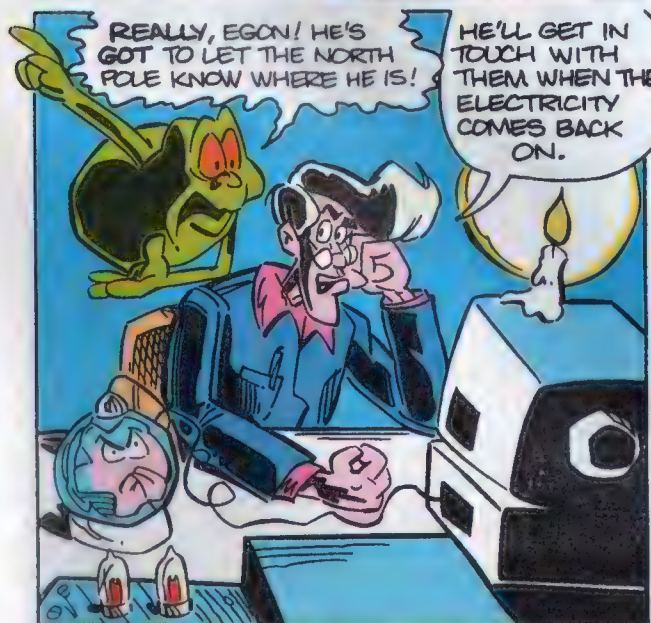
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SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
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London WC2



Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Boo.
Boo who?
No need to cry, it's only a joke!
— Lisa Keers, Cumbernauld

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Robin.
Robin who?
Robin a bank!
— Ignacio Bolelli, West London

Where do ghost's like to swim?
In the Dead Sea!
— Dean Wright, Harlow

Where do sheep get their hair cut?
At the baa-baas!
Why did the boy take milk and sugar to the cinema?
Because they were showing a serial!
— Craig Elderfield, Sheffield

What is a mummy after it is 5,000 years old?
5,001 years old, of course.
— Alec Tranter, Cleveland

What does a vegetarian vampire eat?
Blood oranges.
— Maurice Ludlock, London.



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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....



DEAD TRUE!



Looks can be pretty deceptive at times. Poor old Comfort Ainsworth, a withered old lady in her nineties, looked every bit the witch and it was the one-man crusade of Colonel Bucks of Bucksport, Maine that brought her to trial for witchcraft.

The trial seemed completely fixed by Bucks. One woman claimed that she had heard the old woman muttering what sounded like gibberish, but when she reached home she realised her ears had started to bleed and this was definitely a curse. Another man swore that he had seen a figure standing outside her cottage, dressed in black and at least ten feet tall – obviously one of the devil's henchmen.

Not surprisingly she was found guilty and sentenced to hang the

next day. Since the old woman had remained silent throughout the hearing, it was assumed that she would stay mute, but they were not prepared for what followed. She got to her feet and pointing a bony finger to the colonel, she screamed "In all my life I have cursed no other being! But I am capable of laying a curse on you, sir, because you and your toadies have lied me to the gallows!"

"Then mark you when you go to your grave, I pledge you I shall leave the print of my foot on your gravestone. And the print, Colonel Bucks, will be there forever so that the world can never forget this day!"

The village was left uneasy by the words and so few spectators turned up for the hanging next morning. Even Colonel Bucks failed to appear.

Three months passed

and the colonel died. It was then that his heirs found an amendment to his will. His headstone was to be made of the most flawless marble so that it could not be stained in any way. But within a few days the relatives discovered the footprint of a woman in the marble which no amount of sanding would remove.

In absolute secrecy a new stonecutter was employed to cut a marker. The old stone was buried secretly and the new one erected.

Ten days passed and the heirs saw that the trick had failed. The impression of an old woman's narrow foot was clearly visible in the new stone.

Nothing was done and three centuries later it still stands over the grave of Colonel Bucks, the footprint still scarring the stone like a wound that won't heal.



GH⁰ST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans!
Another rummage through
the paranormal post-bag, so
suck in the guts and read
on ...

Dear Peter. . .

Please can you answer these
questions for me:

1. Egon, how did you get your
PKE Meter?
2. Why do you hate Slimer?
3. Ray, did you make the
Proton Packs?
4. Winston, what do you like
best?

— Christopher Chester, Blacon.

*Hey, that's great, isn't it? I
manage to get myself one
page away from all the rest of
the guys and you lot go and ask
me to drag them into it as
well. Tsk! I might as well turn
this into a free-for-all page so
that you can ask anybody
whatever you want! So here's
Egon: 1. The Psycho-Kinetic
Energy Meter was an idea I
had been working on years
ago at Weaver Hall University.*

*But it wasn't until we went
freelance that I had the money
to put my idea into motion. I
hope that satiates your
inquiry. Here's Peter! 2. Why
do you ask the same questions
all the time? Especially such
obvious ones. I hate Slimer
because he's slimy, he's got no
sense of humour and he eats
all my pizza. He's green, as
well. 3. Ray says: Hey, that's
right! Incredible, huh? Egon
helped me with some of the
basic design, but it was me
that found the parts and
joined them all together. 4.
Winston says: I like baseball
the best. It's such a fantastic
game, and it's a shame that all
you lot over there don't get to
see much of it!*

I think your comic is great.
Here are a few questions for
you:

1. Does Winston have a
girlfriend?
2. How much does it cost to
make a real Proton Pack?
3. Is there an ECTO-3?

— Jawad Jumani, Scotland.

*I'm glad that you think that
our comic is great, because,
let's face it, it is. 1. I have seen
him taking the odd young lady
to the movies on more than
one occasion, but let's face it
they would have to be odd to
want to go out with Winston
when there's such a good-
looking hunk of fun as me to
contend with. 2. Well, since
I'm the man in charge of
finances I can tell you that
they are pretty expensive to
put together. At least a
thousand dollars, so that's
about five-hundred of your*

*British pounds. 3. ECTO-3 is
the go-kart Ghostbusting
thingy as featured on the
cover of THE REAL
GHOSTBUSTERS AND SLIMER
Issue one hundred and
twenty-three.*

I would like to ask you two
questions:

1. What would you do if ECTO-
1 broke down while you were
going to bust a ghost?
2. Where would you go if the
HQ got knocked down by a
ghost?

— Andrew De Boise, High
Wycombe.

*1. Use ECTO-2, or ECTO-3 or
even ECTO-500! 2. Home!*

I have some questions for Ray:

1. What is Winston's favourite
food?
2. What does Janine cook for
you on Mondays?
3. Do Egon, Peter and Winston
like me?
4. What pop song do you like
best?
5. Does Janine have a bath?

— Colin Green.

*Ray says: 1. Winston tells me
that he likes Chicken Salad
best. 2. Hey, that's incredible.
She does just about everything
else for us, but our Janine is a
very liberated woman. She'd
draw the line at cooking for
us. We normally either take it
in turns, or get a take-away. 3.
Amazing. That's a really
difficult question for me to
answer because I haven't
asked them and because
they've never met you! 4.
Drive My Car by The Beatles. 5.
Well, occasionally!*

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

THE GHOST OF XMAS PRESENTS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

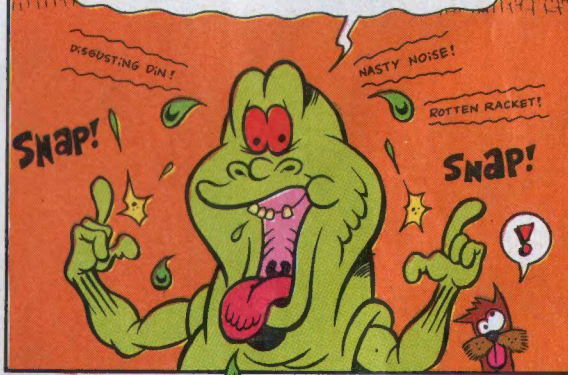
SLIMER!



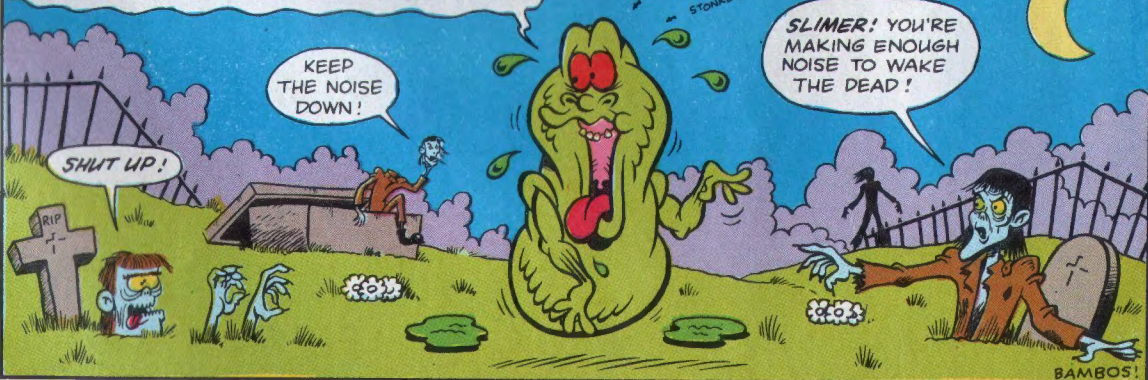
THIS CEMIN-CENEM-THIS GRAVEYARD SUCH A GLOOMY-ZOOMY PLACE! SLIMER CHEER IT UP BY SINGING A SING-SONG. YUP!



IF YOU BAKE A CAKE FULLA JAM, JUST CALL ME WHEREVER I AM.



JAM IN A CAKE - THERE NOTHING FINER! WHAT DO YOU DO - JUST ASK FOR SLI-YI-YIII!



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